

The Tragedie

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well winged with our chiefeſt hope?
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkeſt thou not,
Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth*
Thiſ found I one my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickes thy master is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuifed by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that towards vs,
Deuiſdeas firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſciences, our ſwords our lawe,
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inſord, *to his army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A ſort of vababonds, Raſcals, and run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe Jockey peſants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe they bring you to vneſt:
You hauing lands, and bleſt with beaution wiues,
They would reſtaine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers coſt,
A milke-ſop one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhoes in ſnow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this ſond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there drum,

of Richard the Thirde

Right Gentlemen of England fight bold
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride
Amaze the welkin with your broken fl
What ſaies Lord Stanley will he bring
Meſ. My Lord he doth deny to come
King. Off with his ſoane Georges hea
Nor. My Lord the enemy is paſt the
After the battell let George Stanley die
King. A thouſand hearts are great wi
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our f
Our ancient word of courage faire Sain
Inſpire vs with the ſpeeche of fiery Drag
Vpon them, victory ſits one our helpe

Alarm excursions, Enter C

Cat. Reſcwe my Lord of Norfolk, re
The King enacts more wonders then
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger,
His horſe is ſlaine, and all one foote he
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of
Reſcwe, faire Lord, or elſe the day is l

King. A horſe, a horſe my King dome

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe yo

King. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die
I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day inſtead of him
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a ho

Alarm, Enter Richard & Richmond

ſlaine then reſtrait being ſounded. Enter
bearing the Crowne with other Lords

Rich. God and your arme be praiſe
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dea
Dar. Courageous Richmond, well ha
Loe heere this long vſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody v
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heanen ſay Am